

# Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 404.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1859.

VOL. XVI. No. 14.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

## How the D— went Pleasuring.

THIRD DAY.

How it rained! The mountains had caught the warm winds in their broad, cold hands, and pressed out their moisture during the night in streams upon the vallies below. But the kindly sun scattered the spongy clouds, and by the time we had walked through the Erdmansdorf Park, broken our fast, gone through a most kindly leave-taking of our musical landlord and his guest, and had journeyed the few miles in our own hired vehicle to Warmbrunn, the day had become warm and delightful. The "season" was not yet at Warmbrunn,—its hot baths were as yet in but occasional requisition—but we saw on every side the evidences that we were in a famous watering place. Such quantities of gewgaws for sale on all sides—such advertisements of coffee houses, reading rooms, circulating libraries, billiard halls, and all that;—a handsome music stand in the broad promenade, and a band even now collecting to wake the echoes for the sparse company;—fine gardens for lounging, with fanciful arbors and summer-houses—rows of droschies and carriages; Jews from all quarters with wares for sale; and there in the background the everlasting mountains looking down from misty heights, upon the little nest of pismires, here to-day, gone to-morrow and gone forever; while they stand there in the calm consciousness, that as they were a thousand generations ago, so they will be a thousand generations hence—that he who looked upon them from the warm springs of the valley before the dawn of history, saw their grand features as I see them to-day, and as he will see them, who comes here when history exists no longer.

From the springs we rode onward half an hour longer to Hermsdorf, and rejoiced the heart of the landlord of Tietz's Hotel—perhaps, Tietz himself. For as yet visitors were few, and two at once were a small specimen of a God-send. Tietz rejoiced our hearts also, for poetically minded as we were, in the flesh we were hungry. Now Tietz had a large perforated box sunk in the cold waters of the brook, which came hurrying from the cold mountains to mingle itself with larger streams, and work its way to a warmer region,—and in the box TROUT.

Obadiah, are you fond of fish? I am. Ask my aunt,—if I was satisfied with her splendid fish dinners once a week, and if I did not add thereto divers meals caught by myself at the pond—pickerel, pouts, perch and eels? I have not many so-called accomplishments—but I *can* fish! I have achieved an efficient proficiency in fishing, which would do honor to the first official of Fishkill, and a deficiency of fish is to me the crying evil of Germany; and you, Obadiah, if you set your heart on fish, and are coming "over," must eat your fill beforehand. Ah, give me the Boston fish market, and I will never mourn for the flesh-pots of Egypt!

And in the box trout!

The barbarians boiled them!

I gently hinted to the Professor that fried in butter they would preserve their flavor better than when half boiled to rags. The seed fell upon good ground, and special directions were given the cook, that the next lot should be so prepared. There was true poetry in that dish of trout!

I am as impressible as most people to the associations of scenes and places with the memories of famous men—but they must be *men*—mere men-killers are nought—Bonapartes and Wellingtons and Marlboroughs. I have been within an hour's ride of Brussels several times without visiting Waterloo; but twice I have journeyed some 60 miles on foot to the scenes of Luther's childhood. A sublime spectacle of moral courage, of heroism, was the American Congress calmly uniting in their Declaration of Independence; but when one has formed some clear conception of the state of opinion in Europe 200 years ago—of the feelings with which kings and princes were regarded by all classes and conditions of men—the conviction gradually forces itself upon him that the assembly, which first taught tyrants the possibility of punishment for the breach of all laws human and divine,—that assembly, which brought Charles' head to the block, was one of heroes whose moral courage was sublime. Hence the memory of Ludlow, at Vevay, in Switzerland, of Goffe, Whalley and Dixwell, at Hadley and New Haven, in our own land, have made those places for me truly places of pilgrimage. Next to such grand acts of heroism in the great contest between the people and their oppressors, in the beauty and touching interest of the associations which they awaken, come the conquests of science and the triumphs of artists and literary men. For me Florence would have a greater charm through Galileo than through the Medici; Prague is more to me for the memory of Tycho Brahe than for Wallenstein; Berlin for Humboldt than for Frederick II.; Vienna for Beethoven, Mozart and Haydn, than for all the Hapsburgs; and little Baireuth, the home of Jean Paul Richter, is a thousand times more to me than Ajaccio, the birthplace of Bonaparte.

On the other hand poetry and romance have rarely lent a charm to any of the many interesting places I have seen. The old ruins of the Rhine have borrowed no charm from the legends told of them. Juan Fernandez in the Pacific would interest me exceedingly through the memory of Selkirk, but could I once stand on that island in the Atlantic, "off the mouth of the great river Orinoco," De Foe's Crusoe would lend it no charm, though no book has given me more delight, than the adventures of that son of Defoe's marvellous fancy. No imaginary personage ordinarily lends any interest to a real scene. I have tried in vain to feel a thrill in Auerbach's cellar at Leipzig, at the remembrance of the famous scene in Faust.

I remember in London, however, to have had a taste of this sort of association. I was passing through a long, rather narrow street of cheap lodgings, and two-penny shops, when I caught its name on a corner, and a thrill of pleasure ran through me as I remembered that when Mr. Pickwick arose in the morning, (at Mrs. Bardell's), and looked out of the window, Goswell street extended to the right, and Goswell street to the left as far as eye could see, and the opposite side of Goswell street was over the way—and it still remained there, as I stopped and wondered in which house had lived the widow of the quondam Bardell.

As I intimated, legends of old castles and the like do very well to read 3000 miles away, of an evening, sitting on your sofa, or in the arm chair by a winter's fire; but as for reading Legends of the Rhine on the Rhine, my common sense always rebelled against them—and they became insipid, tedious, silly. Give the imagination full play, and they have a charm; but when you are told: "On that rock was chained the lovely Guldikunda, up that gorge came the monster to devour her, and down that precipice the valiant knight hurled the dragon"—then you laugh—if the story does not make you too sick.

There is a legend, which always delighted me hugely for the fine instance of poetic justice with which it closes; but it had never any fixed locality in my fancy, and as it took me by surprise to-day, for once a mere legend lent a charm to a ruin. After the trout the professor engaged one of the loiterers by the inn to go with us to the ruined castle, which looked down to us nearly 2000 feet, from its seat on the spur of the mountains beyond Hermsdorf, as Stolzenfels looked down from its lower height upon Paul Flemming. The old fellow was full of chat, like all of his kind—had tales and legends, facts and fictions in quantities to suit all comers. The glorious view from the terrace, where we took our coffee, was fully enjoyed, and a guide had taken us to the various, now open spaces, surrounded with ruined walls, where once were saloons, and halls of judgment—not of the justest sort—the courts for tournaments, the dungeons, the granaries, and all the et-ceteras of old castles; we had ascended to the top of the tower, and looked out upon valley and mountain and forest with speechless admiration; and now the old man took us around the outer wall, and to a huge flat rock, and told us again the old legend of the Bride of Kynast! On this rock her suitors mounted their horses, and rode across that narrow passage above the gateway, now half crumbled to ruins, and then along this thin wall, with the narrow passage way on the one side and these lofty precipices on the other, until here or there a false step, or a sudden gale, hurled them to destruction on those crags so far below. But for none of them did the cruel fair one feel the least pity—she saw their fall but as a happy deliverance for her. But one day came such a gloriously beautiful and noble young knight mounted on a magnificent black charger, that the lady's heart bled as she

beheld him. Oh, that she could now be dispensed from her vow! And the knight, having paid his respects to the lady, ordered his horse to be led to the flat rock, and there mounting him, he rode slowly with loosened rein along the narrow way, his face blanching, his eye quailing not, on and on, now looking calmly down the dizzy heights, now encouraging his steed, now losing himself in deep thought—turning angle after angle of the wall, and at last leaping from the goal into the court yard of the castle. Then the lady's deep agony of terror, of horror, was over and, radiant with tenfold charms, she came to throw herself into his arms, and make him master of herself and all her broad domains. Then the knight looked sternly at her, and upbraided her for her cruelty and wickedness, and told her that he had only come to risk his life to prevent the sacrifice of farther victims—for that he had already a wife surpassing her in beauty, as in loveliness of character, to whom he should now hasten that she might know of his safety.

The lady was so overcome by love, and sorrow, and repentance, and other appropriate emotions, that she fell down in a swoon, and when she came to herself, she either went to the convent or to the devil—I forget which.

Our old man told us the story with such evident faith in the details, and pointed out the localities so minutely, that for once I felt the charm of a legend—say for ten minutes.

In the main court he drew our attention to a sort of cellar—storehouse for vegetables, beer and other indispensables of the "guest-house" division of the Kynast.

"That" said he, "was the entrance to the subterranean passage which led down the mountain to a village yonder." Afterwards, as we sat in the woods outside the ruins, enjoying the magnificent prospect, he pointed out the village, at least a mile and a half away. He assured us that the existence of this long "tunnel" is no myth, and that in the "good old times," after the lords of the castle had cried "stand and deliver," like Falstaff's "true men," to travellers yonder in the valley, they returned to their stronghold through this secret way. Now this may be so—but—and there is virtue in this *but*, I wot—but, if these old fellows did run such a tunnel two thousand feet down the mountain, and twice or three times as far beneath the surface of the plain below—that "adit level" to a certain copper mine, which kept my pockets clean two or three years, and which for aught I know has not reached the copper to this day, was a bell-string to it!

Behind the ruin is a deep gorge which they call the Höllenthal—the vale of Hell—a pleasant spot with a base name. And here we get the echo of a small piece of ordinance—provided we pay a reasonable number of groschen. The wind was so high that we derived no great satisfaction from it. Speaking of echoes: There is a long and splendid railroad bridge over the Oder, just below Breslau, sustained by three piers some seventy or eighty feet apart in the water, and some twenty more, in the low ground beyond, much nearer together. Between the bridge and the city is a broad space of low land, where the soldiers practise shooting. I was one day on the dike, some fifty rods below the bridge, the firing being as far from it above—the consequence was, that a second or two after hearing a report it

came to me echoed from all these piers, with some such effect as this—

pop, pop, pop, pr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r—that is a series of some twenty-four distinct echoes,—and this again recalls to mind how my classmate H. and I used to get a musical tone from a single clap of the hands, viz., by standing, of a still, calm evening, at an angle from a picket fence, at such a distance as to get an echo. Now as each picket sent back its own echo, they all fell upon the ear at minute but regular intervals, and the result was a faint, but perfectly clear, musical tone.

At length our visit to the Kynast ended, though not so tragically as the visits of the cruel Kuni-gunde's lovers, and through the Hell-vale, where nothing frightened, and thence through the long, neat village of Hermsdorf, the way fresh with the cold waters of the mountain brook, and sweet with the fragrance of the cottage gardens, we came again to Tietz's. There are other legends connected with the ruins up there on the height, to which I now, after supper, look up from the broad balcony where I am promenading back and forth, alone, the professor having left me for the night. Delicious this! The air is cool after the heat of the day, and I am a dozen or fifteen feet from the ground, so that the chill from the damp meadows does not reach me. How grandly the wall of mountain stretches away as far as eye can see, with a quite different effect under the full August moon, from that in the broad sunlight! And all is so still! From other villages come the sounds of the church clocks striking the hour, and mingle with the gentle rushing voice of the brooklet just below me. A sweet close to the third day of pleasuring. Shall I add the legend of the page to whom the lady sent a file and a cord in a loaf of bread? We saw to-day the bars of the grating to his window in the tower up there, with the marks of the file upon them, and the space which he at length won, and through which he made his escape. Or shall I give the fantasy, the scene of which is the large dancing hall, which opens out upon the balcony? and which relates how I became a convert to so-called Spiritualism? ["Don't laugh, for, in the words of Freeman S., it "is an all-fired serious subject."]

"And moreover," continued the stranger, "there is the history of Samuel's appearance to Saul?"

"True, but that was evidently an exceptional case, and the old prophet was displeased at the interruption of his slumber: 'Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up?' But passing all these cases in point, my objections are on the broad grounds,—

1. That your notions give ubiquity to your spirits, making Washington or Franklin obey your calls in a dozen different places at the same moment.

2. That no fact, new in science, philosophy or religion has come from you.

3. That while you base your faith upon the Bible, you overlook the remark, which the Great Teacher, 1800 years ago, put into the mouth of father Abraham: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead"—which remark has for me this significance—that no spirit of one departed shall ever pass the "great gulf," which separates it from us, to convey to us new truth—

for human wants and necessities, and indeed capacities can reasonably go no farther than is already provided for us."

I went on in this strain much longer, and to my objections the replies of the stranger offered no satisfaction. At length I said, that could a single new truth in science be communicated, or even a scientific theory proved incontestably, no one could be readier of belief than myself.

"Perhaps it may come to that," said the stranger. "Of course spirits can employ themselves alone with spiritual things; and scientific questions, which relate only to matter, are out of their province. But possibly, as a means of inducing faith in a faithless generation, some scientific proof of our teachings may yet be submitted to a committee of the American Association for the advancement of Science."

"See how gloriously the moon," I replied, "is looking down upon us, apparently resting upon the mountain top. Why, in case it is so important that your doctrines should find credence, should not some spirit of astronomer departed tell us of the true nature of that member of our planetary system?"

"Even then," replied the stranger, "unless his account agreed with some one of your previously formed theories, you would give it no credence."

"Certainly not," said I, "if it conflicted with what we know to be scientific truth. Reason has been given us, that we may test all questions by it, and especially those of such moment as these. In little things we may trust our first impressions, but in points so momentous as to influence our faith in the unseen world, our reason is our only safeguard, and he who surrenders it is faithless to himself. Should it ever be my lot to witness a communication purporting to be of a scientific truth, and to come from the invisible world, I should consider it by the best light which my reason could throw upon it, and demand an answer to all objections, which my slender stock of knowledge would enable me to offer. Should such objections be fully met, faith would follow of course."

Such were the leading points in my conversation with that stranger. As I promenaded the balcony, musing of divers things, it at length occurred to me that the sounds, which came to my ears from the large hall within,—in which three long rows of tables stood ready for the coffee drinking guests from Warmbrunn—which sounds were like the faint rapping of the fingers upon a table when one would attract attention, and to which I had given no thought—might be a communication from the spirits. I smiled to myself at the idea, and yet must confess to a strange sensation pervading my entire being. I entered the room. I walked its length and breadth, and convinced myself that I was alone. Then standing in the centre I listened. Faintly, like the ghosts of raps, came the feeble sounds to my ears. But as the eye, coming from bright light into a dark place, gradually sees dim outlines become strong, faint colors clear, and chaotic masses assume order, so the ear soon began to distinguish clearly and distinctly the differences in the tones, as modified by the size, shape, thickness, and materials of the different tables. It was all new to me, and for some time I was confused, and only after some moments of reflection did I recall the key to this kind of communication. Then



I began to count,—23 raps on this large pine table—"W."; 18 do. "r."; 9 do. "i."; 20 do. "t."; 5 do. "e."—"Write." I hastened to my room, and brought paper, pen and ink. I took no candle, arguing that if my hand was guided by an invisible power, darkness and light were one. A slight rap at one of the tables drew me thither. Placing myself in a writing posture, with pen well inked, my hand wrote involuntarily—"Pythagoras"—in a large, bold hand, in Greek letters! This I felt at once to be a miracle; for the college marks at Cambridge will prove to any inquiring mind that I am like Shakspeare in this—i. e., "know little Latin and less Greek."

A rap from another table. By the same process, "Copernicus." And so from table to table I went making the acquaintance of Tycho Brahe, Herschel, Galileo, Horrocks, the Philadelphian, whose invention of the quadrant is by all the world credited to Halley—and this I suppose is the reason that Halley was not present—and others. At one name, Symmes, I irreverently, not to say profanely, exclaimed: "Who, the deuce, is Symmes?" Then flashed through my mind that great man's theory of the hollow-sphericity of the earth.

I was now in a state of intensest excitement and expectation.

But for some minutes no sign came. Then the hand began to move—

The—Der—il—la—a whole line of articles in various languages. Then under the articles thus—

The—Der—la—&c.

Moon—Mond—lune—&c.

Gentlemen, said I, one language is as good as a dozen—after which the pen wrote only in English—

"is made of green,"

"pshaw," said I, "cheese!" Now had the harmless word "cheese" in fact followed, I should have explained the whole as an involuntary muscular action of my fingers, arising from some subtle impulse of the brain, which in turn had its origin in a sort of half remembrance of our so common contemptuous phrase, "he thinks that the moon is made of green cheese." But to my astonishment, and in fact, not a little awed by it, the letters were slowly traced—"w-h-i-t-e"—then a pause, then, "o-a-k"—after which "cheese" was rapidly written.

Now, I solemnly declare that the epithet "white oak" was not in my mind, nor am I conscious ever to have heard that the moon's cheesy substance is of the "white oak" species—from which it follows conclusively—i. e., conclusively *quoad* cases of this sort—that the writing was not an involuntary transcript of one of my own thoughts. Struck with this announcement of a lunar theory, which has long since been considered as utterly untenable by Pierce, Hill, Gould, and other eminent astronomers and mathematicians of the day, and which, so far as I know, finds no place in ancient Hindoo astronomy, as described by Professor Whitney, of Yale, and yet one so simple and so long, too, prevalent among men—I could not but exclaim, "there must be something in that cheese!"

Feeling no farther impulse to write, I paced the saloon up and down, I venture to say, for fifteen minutes, in a deep study of the various objections to such a theory which presented them-

selves to my mind. I think now upon reflection that some supernatural assistance enabled me to reason with a depth and wide-embracing power, quite out of and beyond the normal reach and condition of my mental faculties. The result of this remarkable mental operation was to fix upon one, single objection, which if unanswered, would leave me as far as ever from believing in communications from the invisible world, and would convince me that I had been simply imposed upon by an excited imagination. The objection was this:—"The lunar sphere, having now been for many thousand years revolving around the earth, must have passed from the 'green' into the condition of 'old' cheese—supposing it to be cheese." No sooner had I thus distinctly stated the objection to myself, than instantaneously from all parts of the room a perfect tempest of rappings.

Seating myself at the table with pen in hand, the following reply was traced:—

"The substance of the moon is constantly renewed. Quick as thought was my objection, 'what becomes of the old?' and quick as fingers supernaturally guided could write, was the answer, 'it is consumed as nibble by spirits of the lower spheres.'"

I must have paced the room and the balcony after this reply an hour, viewing the subject in all its aspects, before I hit upon my final objection, which I put into a question as follows:—

"Whence the supply, and what the nature of the materials for this constant renewal." Symmes was speaker for the assembly to this last question, and answered it slowly by rapping, the others after each word giving a chorus of raps, which reminded me of the solo, with the word *credo* in chorus, in the confession of faith in one of Southard's masses—

"C-u-r-d-s f-r-o-m t-h-e M-i-l-k-y W-a-y."

I retired to rest convinced.

A. W. T.

(Fourth day already printed, see No. 11, of this volume.)

### Hints on Purchasing Piano-fortes.

As this is the season, when, probably, one-third more pianos are sold than at any other period of the year, we purpose briefly to present to our readers some information relative to the characteristics of a truly first-class instrument, and at the same time we shall endeavor to enlighten them in regard to the various methods adopted, especially in this city, to deceive the unwary purchaser. And in this latter respect, and prominent among the means resorted to of late, we find a plan adopted that is well calculated to impose upon the majority. A certain class of manufacturers—whose pianos are constructed with the most economical expenditure of time and money—are in the habit of sending their instruments to private houses, and by means of attractive advertisements, wherein they elaborately describe the externals of a first-class piano, they manage to dispose of their instruments at a handsome profit, and that, too, at a price fifty per cent below that required to procure an apparently similar style of piano of the best makers. One prominent feature of these advertisements is the fact so glaringly put forth, of the "great sacrifice" offered being the result of some adverse circumstance or other. By this gross imposition, which is carried on to an unlimited extent, and the advertisements worded in every imaginable way that can possibly attract the credulous purchasers, hundreds of pianos, of the most inferior quality of materials and workmanship, are spread among the community, to the detriment alike of the purchaser and the honorable portion of the manufacturers. Many of the auction rooms, too, are used as depots for the special sale of these inferior instruments, as at such places the external appearance of the article for sale is frequently the only means the purchaser has of forming any estimate of its value. A piano-forte is an article of luxury, and—when we take into consideration the materials, skill, time and money employed in the construction of a thoroughly made instrument,

it must necessarily be an expensive one. In many respects, it is similar to a watch. Now we know that we can procure a handsome lever watch of one manufacturer at one-fourth the price we can obtain its apparent duplicate of another, and the reason is obvious, for, though the principle of mechanism be the same in both cases, the one has had four times the amount of time and labor expended on its construction and finish that the other has; and so it is with a piano. As, for instance, we can purchase of A, B, C & Co., a handsome-looking seven-octave piano for \$200, and yet we could not procure its apparent counterpart of Messrs. D, E, F, & Co. for twice the sum, for the simple reason that the former, though possessing a handsome exterior, and having the same principle employed in the construction of its "action," is not only composed of the most inferior quality of materials, but has been constructed with about one-fourth the expenditure of time and labor employed in the manufacture of the other; hence the difference in price—the high-priced one, as a matter of course, being in reality the cheapest. Out of all the manufacturers of piano-fortes, only a proportion are above mediocrity, and still fewer combine in their pianos the requisite qualities of tone, touch, finish, and durability which characterize a superior instrument. It is evident, therefore, that considerable judgment is necessary when making a purchase, and it would in most cases be advisable to be accompanied by some person competent to make a judicious selection, as few who rely solely upon their own judgment in the matter escape disappointment in the result. There are, however, a number of our manufacturers, whose regard for their well-earned reputations fully equals that for their pecuniary profits, and on these we may safely depend for a good piano, without the *ipse dixit* of a professor; but they are sadly in the minority. The qualities of a piano, which we shall briefly remark upon, are its tone, touch, finish, and durability; and, of these, durability is the quality of primary importance, for, even if a piano possess the essential qualities of tone, touch, and finish, to perfection, if it lack durability all its other excellencies are of comparatively little advantage; and, in this respect, those pianos having iron frames are the ones most likely to stand well in tune, the strength thus derived fully compensating for the disadvantage arising from the metallic tone imparted by such frames; but, unless the wooden portion of the instrument is made of the best seasoned material, even though iron-framed, the piano will not remain in tune, for the reason that, when the "pin block" is not made of the best seasoned stuff, the hold on the pin relaxes, and the instrument gets out of tune. It is only requisite to apply the test of the furnace heat—now in such general use—to one of these inferior instruments, to have the fact we above refer to fully exemplified. As regards tone, the most durable quality is the "mellow tone;" a "brilliant-toned" piano soon loses its delightful quality, and by constant use, becomes hard and often harsh, whereas a mellow-toned instrument changes by use to a brilliant one, and retains its quality of tone for some time. A fine touch to a piano is a somewhat rare qualification, the majority of instruments being either too hard or too easy to be desirable. An easy touch, although pleasant to the young pianist, is far from being advantageous; a moderately hard touch being preferable for many reasons, the most prominent being the fact of its being less liable to become hard in tone from use. Every well-finished piano will admit of the closest examination in every part; this is not the case with those of inferior make as, in the latter case, those portions not exposed to view will be found to be roughly and hurriedly finished. As to external appearance, that, although generally the first, should be the last thing thought of. Many a piano is finished externally in a very handsome manner, in order to hide internal and important defects; this is especially the case with low-priced instruments, recommended by their handsome external appearance. We cannot speak favorably of any of the numerous "attachments" to the piano, as they all more or less detract from its intrinsic value. To sum up these remarks, however, we would advise all to avoid purchasing a "cheap piano"—in the general acceptance of the term—as it is next to an impossibility that it can be a good one, and most unreasonable to expect such to be the case, when, as before remarked, we consider the materials, skill, time and money employed in the construction of a first-class instrument.—N. Y. Tribune.

### Musical Intelligence.

PHILADELPHIA.—The opera season just closed is thus summed up by the *Evening Bulletin*.

To show how much has been done in three weeks, and how severely the opera-goers have been taxed in

attending these entertainments, we give a list of the operas performed and their respective dates:

- Dec. 5th. Donizetti's *Polauto*.  
 " 7th. Verdi's *Sicilian Vespers*.  
 " 8th. Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*.  
 " 9th. Verdi's *Sicilian Vespers*.  
 " 10th. *Lucia*, with 1 act of *Traviata*, and one of *Polauto*.  
 " 12th. Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*.  
 " 13th. Verdi's *Rigoletto*.  
 " 14th. Bellini's *Sonnambula*.  
 " 15th. Pacini's *Saffo*.  
 " 16th. Verdi's *Sicilian Vespers*.  
 " 17th. *La Sonnambula*, with 1 act of *Lucrezia* and 1 of *Rigoletto*.  
 " 19th. Mozart's *Don Giovanni*.  
 " 21st. Mozart's *Magic Flute*.  
 " 22d. Verdi's *Trovatore*.  
 " 23d. Mozart's *Don Giovanni*.  
 " 24th. Verdi's *Sicilian Vespers*.

Thus, it will be observed, there have been sixteen performances in twenty days, including two Sundays. Eleven different operas have been performed, four of which—*The Sicilian Vespers*, *Polauto*, *Saffo*, and the *Magic Flute*—were new at the Academy. *Saffo*, although played only once, made a sensation, chiefly owing to the fine performance of Mme. Gazzaniga. *Polauto* was a comparative failure. The *Magic Flute* made a *succes d'estime*, chiefly out of respect to Mozart's memory and talent. The *Sicilian Vespers*, which occupied one-fourth of the season, was brilliantly successful. Not only is it the best written of all Verdi's operas, but it was here extremely well performed, and was put on the stage in a style of splendor never before seen in America. Indeed, the grand palace scene of the third act has never been surpassed, if equaled, in any theatre in the world. Mme. Colson, in this opera, established herself in the estimation of the Philadelphia public as a first-rate artist.

Of the other more familiar operas performed here, *Rigoletto* was one of the best done, the part of the jester being finely played by Signor Ferri, while Mme. Colson and Signor Stigelli (a most excellent tenor, a debutant of this season,) well sustained the two other leading characters. The *Huguenots* was not as well performed as it was last season, and therefore created less enthusiasm. *Don Giovanni* proved attractive, as it always does for one or two nights in a season. The *Trovatore*, which was played on an off night, failed to draw a large audience.

Besides Signor Stigelli and Signor Ferri, the two successful new artists already named, Signor Susini and M. Junca, (both basses) appeared and were successful, the first named particularly so. But the grand feature of the season was the appearance of the young prima donna of sixteen, Miss Adelina Patti, the magic of whose talent galvanized even the dead but beautiful old operas of *Lucia* and *La Sonnambula*, and made them draw crowds as if they were new. To a beautiful though delicate soprano voice and a perfect method, Miss Patti unites the charms of youth, good looks, graceful and intelligent action, and that rare self-possession and aplomb that are never found in young artists except those who have genius. She appeared twice as *Lucia*, twice as *Amina*, and once as *Zerlina*, and in each revived the memories of Bosio and Sontag, with whom it was feared that the best Italian singing had departed from the world. A great future awaits this young lady, if her health is preserved and her voice is as carefully nurtured as it has been heretofore.

There were some poor houses at the Academy this season; but that was to be expected, when the performances took place every night. On the whole, we understand that the season has been profitable to the directors.

**ACADEMY OF MUSIC.**—Mlle. Patti played Zerlina on Monday. She played it with the grace and archness of innocence and youth, she sang it with sweetness and precision. But the *tessitura* was low for her, and her soaring birdlike voice seemed enchaind by the simplicity of the music, or, perhaps, knowing what wonderful things she can do, the public longed to hear her wonderful carolling and felt that for that reason, they preferred her in more modern music. Mlle. Adelina, however, achieved a great success in this opera; but certainly those who have only heard her in Zerlina do not know half her wonderful powers. Brignoli sang his one *aria* magnificently. Susini, who appeared as Leporello, wanted spirit, and was not over certain of the music. Amodio was a delicious Masetto. Decidedly, if he had not been a singer, he would have been a dancer, for he is enchanted (as in this part) to find an opportunity of showing that "large bodies" do not always move slowly. Ferri's lovely voice was in its element in the Don. Mme. Strakosch made more of Donna Elvira than we have ever seen made of it before.

On Wednesday, another of Mozart's *chef d'œuvres* was given, "Il Flauto Magico." This opera contains some lovely melodies, but, as a whole, is *rococo* and tedious, Mozart though it be. Mme. Gazzaniga sang better than we have heard her before this season, displaying great sweetness and grace. Mme. Colson gave us the extraordinarily difficult *arias* of the "Queen of the Night" in the most perfect and finished style. These are the highest *soprano* airs on record. Junca appeared to great advantage in the part of the High Priest, though he altered some of the music, which was too low for his voice, as it is, almost, for every one's. The libretto of the "Flauto" is a literary puzzle, or, perhaps, some profound allegory, of which the key is lost. Certainly it is beyond all comprehension. "Trovatore," ever popular, gave us Stigelli and Ferri in the two male parts, and both were so admirable that the public forgot to compare them with the favorites who are associated in their minds in both these parts.

With great good taste the management, on Friday evening, gave Mme. Colson an opportunity of singing Zerlina, she having kindly resigned the part on the first representation, to the pet of the company, Adelina Patti. Mme. Colson's Zerlina is one of the parts in which she is most charming, and in which the tender, silvery notes of her medium voice are heard to the greatest advantage.—*Sunday Transcript*, Dec. 25.

THE GERMANIA ORCHESTRA gave their usual public rehearsal Saturday afternoon, with the following programme:

|                                     |            |
|-------------------------------------|------------|
| Overture to the King of Yvetot..... | Adam.      |
| Aria from Rigoletto.....            | Verdi.     |
| Waltz—Hymen's Celebrations.....     | Lanner.    |
| Andante from Symphony.....          | Schubert.  |
| Overture to Lodoiska.....           | Cherubini. |
| Polka—Alice.....                    | Alice.     |
| Finale of Don Juan.....             | Mozart.    |

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—The second concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, from Boston, was given last evening in Pratt's Hall, to a larger and better audience than the preceding. We can scarcely draw distinctions between the playing on the two occasions, but in the subject-matter there was a manifest improvement. Every one present should have been glad of the opportunity afforded of comparing two such composers as Mendelssohn and Beethoven in works which are so characteristic as the Quartet in B flat and the Seventh Symphony. The sweet melody, the wild romance, and the joyous hilarity of the one stood out in pleasing contrast with the rich harmonies, the delicate playfulness, and the deep pathos of the other. So of these composers. The one is like a mountain streamlet, ever bewitching the traveller to follow it in all its wanderings; the other, like the mountain itself, with sunshine and clouds playing upon its side, at one time lovely in the bright verdure of summer, and at another resplendent with the sparkling vesture of the Ice-King. The third great master of the German school (Mozart) was also brought before us in all his charming simplicity. For those who longed for opera music, no better selection could have been made. The overture by Flotow, and the freshness and variety of Meyerbeer, were far more satisfactory than the oft repeated "pearls" of the Italian writers.

We must thank Herr Meisel for his beautiful rendering of *I Lombardi*, but we wished that we had not been forcibly reminded of the street grinders and their attendant Quadrumana. It cannot be denied that vocalization, whether good, bad or indifferent, is popular, to a far greater degree than the best instrumentation of the noblest compositions, and this is perhaps natural, but we are sure that our taste for the highest musical culture will be greatly improved, if we have more frequent opportunities of attending such Concerts.—*Journal*, Dec. 24.

**NEW ORLEANS. CLASSIC MUSIC SOCIETY.**—The first concert was given Wednesday night. The execution of all the pieces was well worthy of the large and brilliant audience which attended it. The society comprises a very numerous corps of performers, admirably disciplined. Its musical repertory is much more complete, and a new and desired improvement—vocal music—will soon give that society all the prominence which it deserves. The programme of the evening was composed as follows: "Scotch Symphony, in A minor," by Mendelssohn; "Chasse du Jeune Henry," by Michel; "Overture to Leonore," by Beethoven; "Torchlight March," by Meyerbeer; aria "Casta Diva" and "I am near Thee," sung by M'me Ruhl. The symphony in A minor, the loveliest key, was written by Mendelssohn after his sojourn in Scotland. The *allegro* was especially well executed, and elicited the warmest applause. We must acknowledge that the society have had ample cause to realize their highest expectations. The arias sung by M'me Ruhl were feelingly and judiciously rendered.—*Courier*, Dec. 14.

**OPERA, Dec. 7.**—Mr. Bondonsquie, it must be confessed, has more than kept faith with the public in the organization of his forces for its entertainment this season. He has, in point of fact, three well balanced opera companies, beside his dramatic troupe. With Guesmar, Mathien, Genibrel and Melchisedec, he can give the grand operas of the French school; with St. Urbain, Ecarlat and his bass and baritone, those of the Italian school; and with Fettingler, Preti-Kaille, Marchal and Petit, comic opera. We have had a taste of each of the two first of these, and the result is perfectly satisfactory. The "Barber of Seville" (what a *Figaro* will Melchisedec be!) is to come, after one more performance of the "Trovatore," and then we shall have the third.

Verdi's peculiar yet popular opera, just named, was given for the first time last evening. The house fairly sparkled with the beauty, taste and fashion of our city. Two new *prime donne* and a new *tenore* were to make their debuts upon the occasion, and as was natural to suppose would be the case, expectation was on tiptoe. The *Leonora* of the evening, M'le St. Urbain, first presented herself; and the first impression was favorable. Pretty, petite, plump, pouting, and Piccolomini-like, with a mouth like a half-blown rose, teeth like pearls, and a faultless figure, she had only to sing as well as she looked, to complete the perfect fascination of her audience. And this she did. Overcoming, by the aid of M'me Richer, who seemed to be assuring her that it was all right between her audience and her, a few moments' nervousness, she soon convinced the most exacting that she would do. She has a voice of singular purity and clearness; her method is of the best school, and does her training the amplest justice. She sings unexceptionably true, and renders her rôle conscientiously, without overlaying it with trillings and fioriture. . . . M'le Guesmar was the *Azuena*. She had taken the part for the occasion, the artist cast for it being indisposed. The music lay mostly out of the main range of her voice, but she sang it in a manner to leave nothing to be desired. Her rôle is that of prima donna, soprano, grand opera, and it is in the part of *Valentine* in the "Huguenots," she is to make her veritable debut. We saw and heard enough last night, to convince us that she will achieve a triumph. We were particularly impressed with the faithful, scholarly style in which Guesmar did everything. . . . M. Ecarlat, the new tenor, should be *Monsieur Fecant*; for that is the style of his voice and of his use of it; brilliant, sparkling, resonant, and striking as they both are. He made terms with his admirers before he showed them his face. The sirenade of the Troubadour, in the garden, settled his status; and he kept it, establishing himself in it, more and more firmly as the opera proceeded. His style of singing is large and artistic. He uses most judiciously the powers of a voice singularly capable of effect in all the degrees of its register, and though, as we have described it, of the brilliant (*éclatant*) order, yet by no means wanting in its ability to deal fitly with tender passages. It is a remarkable peculiarity of this artist's singing, that he never (at least in the rôle of *Manrique*,) uses the *voce di testa*, meeting all difficulties with the abundant resources of his natural, or chest voice.

We need not say, we suppose, that M. Melchisedec was found fully equal to the demand made upon his superb voice by the rôle of the *Count*, or that he sang it satisfactorily, throughout.—*Picayune*.

Dec. 9.—At the new Opera House, there was a fair, but not full attendance, to hear the "Barber" repeated. It went off very well, and seemed to give adequate satisfaction to those present. The *Figaro* of Melchisedec, like everything else this sterling artist has done, since the season commenced, was very fine. Preti Baille sang the rôle of *Rosina* correctly, but lacked animation in the acting. Petit, the new tenor leger, was a good *Almaviva*—a part which, however, makes too strong a requisition upon his delicate, but not powerful organ. We wait to see and hear him in some of the parts more entirely within his register.—*Ibid*.

Dec. 17.—Last evening, there was a brilliantly fashionable and numerous audience, to witness the production of Meyerbeer's master work, the "Huguenots," and we believe it would be conceded that never has there been a more perfect success in the entire performance of an opera in our city, than on this occasion. The great charm of it was its completeness and evenness. No part, prominent or minor, unfilled adequately; nothing lacking in the mounting or *mise en scene*; no balks of any sort; and although it was the first night of a difficult work, in a new house, with a newly combined corps of artists, there was nothing throughout to indicate that it had not been performed by them together an hundred times.

The grand incident of the occasion was the proper debut of M'le Guesmar, in the fine rôle of *Valentine*.

# THE MAY QUEEN.

## OVERTURE.

ALLEGRO  
SPIRITOSO.

$\text{♩} = 112.$

The musical score is written for piano and organ. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The tempo is marked 'ALLEGRO SPIRITOSO' with a quarter note equal to 112 beats per minute. The score consists of six systems of music. The first system shows the piano part with a forte (f) dynamic. The second system includes a 'Ped.' (pedal) marking and a fortissimo (ff) dynamic. The third system features a 'Con espress.' (con espressione) marking and a piano (p) dynamic. The fourth system includes a fortissimo (sf) dynamic and multiple 'Ped.' markings with asterisks. The fifth system includes a 'Cres.' (crescendo) marking and multiple 'Ped.' markings with asterisks. The sixth system continues the piano part. The organ part is indicated by a large 'C' (Canto) symbol in the first system and a large 'O' (Organo) symbol in the second system.



## THE MAY QUEEN.

A musical score for a piano piece titled "THE MAY QUEEN." The score is written for piano and consists of seven systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and the time signature is 3/4. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first system is marked with a large 'A' above the treble staff. The second system has a 'Ures.' marking above the bass staff. The third system has a 'ff' marking above the treble staff and a 'Ped.' marking below the bass staff. The fourth system has a 'Ped.' marking above the bass staff. The fifth system has a 'Ped.' marking above the bass staff and a 'ff' marking above the treble staff. The sixth system has a 'Ped.' marking above the bass staff. The seventh system is marked with a large 'B' above the treble staff and a 'Dim.' marking above the bass staff. The score concludes with a final chord in the bass staff.

A

Ures.

ff Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

Ped.

ff

B

Dim.

# THE MAY QUEEN.

7

pp

The first system of musical notation, consisting of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The music begins with a piano (pp) dynamic marking. The right hand features a series of chords and a melodic line, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment.

CLAR.

The second system of musical notation. It continues the piece with a clarinet (CLAR.) part introduced in the right hand. The piano accompaniment continues in the left hand.

The third system of musical notation, showing further development of the piano accompaniment and the clarinet line.

sf

The fourth system of musical notation, featuring a forte (sf) dynamic marking. The music becomes more intense with thicker chords and a more active melodic line.

sf Rall. ed Espres. C A tempo. pp

The fifth system of musical notation, containing performance instructions: *sf*, *Rall.*, *ed*, *Espress.*, *C A tempo.*, and *pp*. The tempo and dynamics shift significantly in this section.

The sixth system of musical notation, continuing the piece with a more moderate tempo and piano dynamics.

Cres. Dim.

The seventh system of musical notation, concluding the piece with *Cres.* (Crescendo) and *Dim.* (Diminuendo) markings.

## THE MAY QUEEN.

8

THE MAY QUEEN.

(D)

*pp*

*p* *Cres.*

*Cres.*

*Cres.*

The musical score for "The May Queen" is written for piano in D major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. It consists of seven systems of two staves each. The first system begins with a piano (*pp*) dynamic and a key signature change to D major, indicated by a "(D)" above the staff. The first staff of each system contains the melody, while the second staff contains the piano accompaniment. The score includes various musical notations such as eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and dynamic markings including *p* (piano) and *Cres.* (crescendo). The piece concludes with a final cadence in the seventh system.



Now that we have had an opportunity of seeing her face and form, undisguised by the brown hue of Azucena's complexion, and the wild garb of the gipsy-mother, we are enabled to tell our readers that in Mlle Guesmar we have a beautiful and graceful young lady, we should judge of not many more than twenty years, with a most expressive face, a dark sparkling eye, a somewhat slight, but yet finely modelled figure, a good stage presence, remarkable ease and grace as an actress, and with a voice, which, if not as powerful as it might be, is nevertheless of the purest and most sympathetic quality, a soprano, whose register is ample and fresh and telling in every part. Her style is faultless, and evinces the best cultivation in the best school. She gave the rôle of *Valentine* its full interpretation, both in singing and in acting.

Mathieu, as *Raoul*, strengthened the favorable impression he had created as *Arnold* in the "William Tell." He is an artist of remarkable resources, and the chief charm one finds in his singing is the marvelous mastery he has over every portion of his voice, which he manages in the most artistic manner. In the suppressed, piano, mezzo voce passages he is singularly sweet and touching, as in his first duo with *Valentine*, while in such morceaux as the duel scene, "en mon droit j'ai confiance," his voice rings out like a finely toned trumpet. His acting, a rare thing with grand tenors, is admirable, and meets every demand made on it most fully.

Melchisedec, as *Nevers*, had not as full scope for the display of his fine powers, as in the "Tell" and the "Barber;" but he gave his only grand morceau, that in the third act, where he declines to join the conspiracy of *St. Bris*, in his usual noble and effective style. Genibrel's *Marcel* is too well remembered by our musical readers to need more of special mention than that it was worthy of his best days—which, by the way, we really think are his present days. He gave the "Piff, paff, pouff" with great effect, and in the great duo, in the second act, with *Valentine*, was admirable. So in the grand closing scene of the opera. M<sup>me</sup>. Preti made a very pretty page, *Urbain*, and sang the sparkling music of that part most pleasingly.

The chorus was perfect, and the orchestra performed its part with the fullest accuracy. The five new scenes were five superb pictures, and of themselves are worth a visit to the Opera to look at, as they are successively displayed.

ORANGEBURG, S. C.—Here is a "south-side" symptom of musical enthusiasm. It is seldom that we see anything so "gushing." The measuring of the "Phantom Chorus" by Carl Fornes, is certainly original; and Jenny Lind must be pleased with the success of her "singing lesson." It is a communication to the Charleston Mercury:

Mr. Editor:—Throughout the day the arrivals at the hotels had been continuous, and demands for lodging were much oftener made than satisfactorily answered. The joyous faces of those who were blessed with daughters or sisters at the institution, and the scarcely less happy looks of those who held invitations, were to be met at every turn. Each heart beat high with expectation, till at length, to the satisfaction of all, "the nebulous star" declined, and twilight "followed hard upon."

By seven o'clock the College Chapel was filled by a motley throng, almost to suffocation; the honest ploughman standing shoulder to shoulder with the European tourist, and the buxom country maidens with their hickory substitutes pressing "almost to death" the steel crinolines of fashionable belles.

The performance of the evening opened with an instrumental duet from *Lucrezia Borgia*; this piece was admirably selected, and by the extreme taste of its rendition, partially prepared our minds for what was to follow.

Music and her Sister Song, for four voices, and a *Fantaisie sur un Theme Allemand*, an instrumental solo, came next in succession, both of which were most happily executed.

Nearly the whole musical force of the College was then called in the Phantom Chorus, from *La Sonnambula*, and the effect was truly overwhelming. Never, since listening to Carl Fornes and his sublime orchestra, have our souls so thrilled to the touch of music, as when drinking in from those youthful lips the weird notes of that master-piece. A few more alto voices—a little more unity of action, and it would have been, as a whole, unexceptionable.

My sighs shall on the balmy breeze, as a duet, was sung with considerable pathos; after which followed a Grande Marche (instrumental duet) by Donizetti, a pleasing combination of *L'Aria Finale de Lucia de Lammermoor* and a part of *Belisario*.

Napolitaine, a vocal solo, by Lee, displayed the powers of an exquisite and highly cultivated soprano.

The *Etude Galop*, by Quidant, from *Mazeppa*, was executed with a dashing, agitated emphasis, that almost pictured to your eyes the flying feet of the Ukraine steed.

Jenny Lind's *Singing Lesson*, a trio, was sung with a sweetness that can only be compared to the gleesome union of three mountain streams.

The *Marche de Nuit*, replete with the rich, deep chords so peculiar to Gottschalk, was performed with an enunciation which elicited ill-suppressed applause.

The soprano, in the duet *Two Merry Girls are We*, was, if preference must be given, intrinsically the best. The song itself was but poorly calculated to bring forth that voice, it was too quick, too (if you will pardon technicalities) *staccato*; its part should have been some of Beethoven's *legato* passages, where the transition is so gentle that the notes melt, as it were, into each other.

The *decrecendo* movements of the tenor, in the duet *See the Pale Moon*, were surpassingly plaintive, and well deserve a more special notice than my limited space will allow.

The overture from *Jean de Paris* was the last link in the beautiful chain that bound happiness to our hearts that night, and as its last note floated out upon the breathlessly attentive audience, and the rude discords of life forcibly thrust themselves again upon our notice, how many, many of us mentally sighed: *On n'a de maître que son plaisir et son goût!*—at least any whose comfort we would more readily consult.

SUMMERVILLE, S. C.

P. D. H.

WORCESTER, MASS. Madame Anna Bishop, assisted by Mr. Henry Draper, vocalist, and Carl Hause, pianist, gave a grand concert, at Mechanics' Hall on Friday evening last, to a small but appreciative audience. Madame Bishop delighted her audience with her ballads, and her artistic rendering of an Italian cavatina, told upon her listeners. Mr. Draper's singing proved acceptable to all; he won new laurels on this occasion. Carl Hause has an enviable reputation, and he well sustained it.

Fiske's Band gave another of their promenade concerts on Tuesday evening of last week. It was not as successful as the first, but all who were present enjoyed the entertainment. Until nine o'clock, they gave the audience some of their choicest selections of music; then the floor of Mechanics' Hall was nearly filled with those, who love to join in the merry dance free from all display; while in the galleries were those who only wished to gaze on the festive scene below.—*Palladium*, Dec. 21.

Christmas finds eloquent expression in music—particularly in great music; and its anniversary seems not wholly celebrated that does not afford us an opportunity to hear the *Messiah* music of Handel, or something that shall in part take its place. Our city unmusical as it seems to be growing, resounded, so far as we have heard, with but few Christmas strains. We wonder that some of our choirs, for the very love of the thing, do not sometimes sing the music that one may hear every Sunday in a Catholic church. We hear of the performance of Haydn's Mass in C, No. 2, at St. John's Church on Christmas morning.—*Id.*, Dec. 26.

PITTSFIELD, MASS. Another Soirée was given by the young ladies of the Mendelssohn Musical Institute, under the direction of Edward B. Oliver, principal, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 27. This was the programme:

1. Sonata in F.....Diabelli.  
Misses Mary G. Chapman and Triphene E. Harkness.
2. Sonata in A.....Clementi.  
Miss Frances A. Buel.
3. Song—"When the stars in splendor golden".....F. Hiller.  
Miss Helen A. Carson.
4. Andante, in G minor.....Beethoven.  
Miss Ellen T. Chapman.
5. Song—"Spring is returning".....Mendelssohn.  
Miss Maggie A. Wilson.
6. Sonata in Eb.....Kuhlau.  
Misses Helen A. Carson and Florence E. Chapman.
7. Allegro de Concert.....Charles Meyer.  
Misses A. F. Warner and M. A. Wilson.
8. Lied ohne Worte—(Song without words).....Mendelssohn.  
Miss H. A. Carson.
9. Song—"Oh, welcome fair wood".....Robert Franz.  
Miss Augusta F. Warner.
10. Sonata in G.....Beethoven.  
Miss Julia F. Harkness.
11. Two part Song—"Oh, Swallow, happy Swallow".....  
Misses A. F. Warner and M. A. Wilson. Kücken.
12. Overture to Midsummer Night's Dream.....Mendelssohn.  
Misses J. F. Harkness and E. T. Chapman.

## Musical Correspondence.

VIENNA, NOV. 16—Our Vienna concert season has opened with the Schiller-festival. On the 6th inst. was given the first of four yearly concerts by

"The Society of the Friends of Music." These concerts are always at 12½ Sunday noon, and are sprinkled through the winter. They are always much worth the hearing, as the music is good and the orchestra composed for the greater part of the best artists in Vienna, to whom are added a few excellent amateurs; in all about eighty strong. The leader has for some time been the director of the conservatorium, Herr JOSEF HELMESBERGER; but though this gentleman was competent to the task, yet he resigned (it is said in consequence of too much work) this fall, and was replaced by a young man of considerable ability, Herr JOHANN HERBECK. We all were glad enough to hear again a great orchestral concert. The programme was:

- Four Ballads—the Page and the King's daughter—for solo voices, chorus and orchestra, (new).....Schumann.  
"Nacht-lied" (new).....Julius Mayer.  
"O sanfter, süsser Mauch".....Mendelssohn.  
"Deutschland, (new)....."  
(These last three for chorus of male and female voices.)  
Symphony in F, (No. 8).....Beethoven.

With the exception that two lady singers, who had solo parts, were not to be seen until too late (carriage did not come or — or —), the ballads were very well given, and afforded much delight to the audience. They are not equal throughout, but are for the most part beautiful; the Vienna public is doubtless thankful to the new director for his pains in producing them. The other choruses were also very good, and well rendered. The symphony is delicious, as all the symphonies of the great master are; but I think the Allegretto was taken too quickly, and the Minuetto too slowly.

Monday night, an "Akademie," as it is called here, was held at Shickander's Theater *an der Wien*. Fräulein BOGNAR, of the Imperial play-house, spoke a prologue; the Männer-gesangs-verein sang Mendelssohn's Ode to "the Artists"; Herr PARZER, solo singer in the court chapel, sang a song of Schubert's, *Der Kampf*; Frau DUSTMANN, of the opera, sang another song of Schubert's; the Männer-gesangs-verein, Schubert's "Gruppe aus Tartarus," arranged for chorus; Dr. OLSCHFAUER, an amateur with a beautiful tenor voice, Schubert's song "An die Hoffnung;" and then these three solo-singers with the Männer-gesangs-verein gave a short cantata, written for the occasion, by Meyerbeer. This last piece was rather poor, at any rate decidedly indifferent. The curtain fell, and in a moment the orator of the evening, Dr. SCHUSELKA, came forward, and enlained the attention of his audience for half an hour. His oration was full of noble thoughts and sentiments, and was glowing with the heat of his heart; in a word was most happy, and was very warmly applauded. A tableau of the principal characters in Schiller's dramas ended the evening. The music was pretty well given; the leaders of the Männer-gesangs-verein, Herr SCHLEGER and Herr J. HERBECK, managed that portion of the entertainment. One funny thing happened during the evening. In the cantata some choir boys from one of the churches sang too; Frau Dustmann stood by their side and undertook to manage them. She counted their pauses, and then gave the sign for them to begin; but when her own turn came, she was not ready. One of the little fellows at her side looked up at her half-amused and half-afraid, as much as to say: "You'd better have minded your own part and not ours." These boys are perfectly secure and trustworthy in counting, for a mistake brings them a rap over the knuckles.

On the 8th inst., at half-past twelve o'clock, A. M., a great concert was given in the Redoutensaal by the united orchestras of the imperial play-house and opera, led by CARL ECKERT, by the solo singers and chorus of the opera, and to which was added declamation by members of the playhouse. The orchestra was composed of twenty first and twenty second violins, ten violas, ten violoncellos, ten contra-bassos,

two clarinets, two hautboys, two flutes, two fagottos, four horns, two trumpets and a drum; in all eighty-five musicians, to which were added about two trombones and a military drum for the last movement of the Symphony. The pieces and songs sung were from Schiller, as well as the "Song of Joy" which is the last movement of the great Ninth, Beethoven's last child. The programme was:

Beethoven's Overture in C, (opus 124), for orchestra.

Schiller's "Der Kampf der Drachen," declaimed by Leninsky.

Schubert's "Des Mädchens Klage," sung by Frau Czillag.

Schiller's "Der Taucher," declaimed by Frau Rettich.

Schubert's "Sehnsucht," sung by Frau Dustmann.

"Jüngling am Bache," sung by Herr Grimmlinger.

"Gruppe aus Tartarus," arranged for orchestra by Heinrich Esser, and sung by Dr. Schmidt.

Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

The overture was well played, and pleased very much. Herr Lewinsky declaimed with great fire and beauty; he is very young, and a great favorite here on account of his great talents and modesty.

Frau Czillag sang her beautiful song very respectably, at moments very well indeed; she is no song-singer, but has improved in this branch.

Frau RETTICH is also a favorite actress, no longer young, but very good; this piece however was not her happiest performance by any means, for she exaggerated unpleasantly at times.

Frau Dustmann hurried her song fearfully, and thus quite destroyed its beauty. Herr GRIMMINGER was also rather poor in his song, that is, his conception of it was very good, but he appears not ever to experience a glow; he sang very well, and poured forth his splendid voice with great effect; the orchestral arrangement was very good.

The playing of the Symphony has given very general satisfaction even to the Vienna critics. Only three rehearsals were held on account of the numerous engagements of the orchestra; had more been held, the result might have been better yet; but it was very good indeed. And the music! it is certainly the greatest instrumental work in existence. It is so full of melodies, so rich and yet simple in harmony; it is so fully thought and worked out, so perfect in all its parts. One often hears that it is "somewhat confused, a little crazy, as most of Beethoven's last works are;" I do not see how or where. The form is perfect as in all symphonies, the harmonies are very simple and quite according to rule; there is nothing extraordinary to be found about the instrumentation; his orchestra is quite limited; and yet we have there the greatest result as yet produced. The Andante is the most truthful, earnest, soul-felt prayer (as it seemed to me) possible; and the "Song of Joy" is glorious. It is interesting to see how in the opening of the last movement he tries one after another the different themes already used, and, satisfied with none of them for the highest expression of Joy, at last falls back on a popular melody and the human voice. Every one knows how exceedingly difficult and trying the vocal music of the symphony is. Beethoven would never alter it, though Sontag and Caroline Unger, at the first representation, begged him to do so. To heighten the difficulties, the general orchestra pitch has been raised since Beethoven's day, and the Vienna pitch is especially high. Frau Dustmann, Frau Czillag, Herr Herabauck (bass), and Walter (tenor), sang the solos with great energy and very well, though the first-named lady looked as if she were singing her last note; she had however the trying part and was not well at the time; great credit is due to her for her performance. The chorus was sung by the opera chorus and all the solo singers. Think of that; all the solo singers of this very large and rich company! and the effect was as one could expect, first-rate. Eckert deserves great credit for the whole performance, and the leader of the orchestra (first violin-player), Josef Helmesberger, likewise, for

his pains and energy in the rehearsals. The concert left about \$5000 gulden (nearly \$2500) for the Schiller society and its objects; the Emperor and his court were present at the concert, and he paid the costs of the performance from his private treasury.

A vocal concert was given in the Sophien-saal by the Society of the students, "Academische Verein," the next day, which was highly successful. A torch-light procession was held on the 8th; it was very pretty and long. It filed out of the city at the Schotten-thor, and greeted a statue of Schiller with a speech and with song from five hundred voices or more. Another concert was given by the "Euterpe," an orchestra of amateurs. Since then we have had a concert in the opera-house, in which Dustmann sang an aria from Spohr's "Faust," which was very good, though a little too much for her; the brothers DOPPLER played a brilliant concerto for two flutes; several very poor things were given, and at the end the Ninth Symphony was again played. The orchestra was reduced to the simple opera orchestra, but the symphony was in some respects better played than in the Redouten-saal; the house was crammed full and very much pleased with the concert. Sunday, at noon, DREYSCHOCK played Beethoven's Concert, in E flat major for the piano with orchestra, and several other good things, in the Musik-Verein-saal (Conservatorium). At the same hour, the Sing-Akademie, a society of male and female voices, under the direction of Kapellmeister STEGMAYER, gave in the Redouten-saal their first concert of this year. The programme contained sacred music of Frank, Bach, Arcadelt, Schein, Eccard, Gabrieli; the ninety-fifth Psalm of Mendelssohn; "König von Thule," harmonized by Taubert; "Highland lad," by Robert Burns, (translated into German,) music by Schumann; "Die Wasser-rose," by Gade; a Swedish national air, arranged by Berg; and "Die Allmacht," a song of Schubert's, arranged for solos and chorus by Franz Mair, a young Vienna composer of talent, and second leader in the Sing-Akademie. The concert was very good, though a bit too long. Sunday evening a young violoncellist, ROSA SUCK, played in the Musik-verein, and pleased very well, though she needs more strength. Dreyschock has played a second time, giving Beethoven's Sonata, Opus 10, No. 3, several smaller pieces, and a "Fatale Hongraise" of Liszt. His concert was so empty that he lost money; in part no doubt because he chose a bad hour, half past twelve, on Saturday, the 19th. He is probably the most remarkable piano-player as far as finish and correctness of execution goes; his octave playing is something truly extraordinary. He gives excellent music, plays Mendelssohn as hardly any one can, thinks and studies his music with great care, and gives all with greatest precision and clearness; but he wants poetry, plays coldly. Such is the opinion of the best critics and best musicians here, I think. A friend of mine, a pianist, assured me that Dreyschock played much better in his own room than in a concert; it is however true of many musicians. He gives his third concert next Monday.

Besides all this, CARL MAYER, a pupil of Professor PIRKHERT, and a leading pianist in Vienna, has just given his first concert and advertises a second. His programme was very good, and I hope later to give a report of his playing. J. L.

ALBANY, N. Y., Dec. 28.—During the past month the history of our city has been quite a musical one. Last Thanksgiving evening, the SACRED MUSIC SOCIETY performed "The Messiah," before an audience of about eighteen hundred. The chorus numbered one hundred effective voices, and the orchestra—the finest that has assisted at a musical performance in our city—was furnished by Mr. JOSEPH NOLL, of New York; the whole being under the direction of Mr. F. F. MUELLER, conductor of the Society. The performance was in every respect a success, and tak-

ing all things into consideration, the efficiency of the choruses, the rendition of the solos, (all by members of the Society,) the performance of the orchestral accompaniments, the character of the music, and last, but not least, the precision of the tempo in which the whole oratorio was given, the oratorio was certainly one of the finest things in the way of a public performance of music that has ever been given in our city. The Sacred Music Society have done well in adhering strictly to oratorio music; for while it is more difficult to master, and is not so pleasing to many as music of a lighter character, still it awakens a higher appreciation of music as an art, and the impressions which it leaves upon the mind are deeper, more lasting, and as a whole more satisfactory than are produced by music, the effects of which are those of pleasure rather than grandeur—and which appeals rather to the heart than the intellect. After the conclusion of their performance, the usual request for a repetition was voted by the audience, (an old custom here;) but I believe it is more in response to repeated and urgent solicitations from our citizens, that the Society have decided upon a concert embodying selections from "The Messiah" and "The Creation," on the 12th January. That it will be a success cannot be doubted, yet I think it is a question, if the Society had not done better to have avoided a mixed concert, and proceeded at once with the rehearsal of another oratorio. However, *chacun à son gout*.

The "Union Musical Association" gave a concert on the evening of the 26th inst., before a large audience, the New Arsenal Hall, capable of seating 2000 persons, being completely filled. The programme consisted of Mendelssohn's Overture to "Midsummer Night's Dream;" Overture to "Maritana," by W. V. Wallace; Sestet in brass, by Von Weber, which were performed by the orchestra, (numbering twenty performers from Dodsworth's band,) under the direction of H. B. DODSWORTH; Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm, (Come let us sing)—Spohr's "God, thou art great," and Ries's "Morning," under the direction of Mr. THOS. S. LLOYD, conductor. The choruses were not quite as efficient as we had anticipated; but this was doubtless owing in a good measure to the malformation of the room for acoustic purposes;—nor was the time in which they were given always correct; and the performance of the orchestral accompaniments will admit of criticism. Barring these however—and every concert has its drawbacks—the performance was a creditable one to the "Musical Union" and gave general satisfaction.

On the 29th inst., GEO. WM. WARREN gives a ninth charity concert. Mr. Warren's efforts in this respect have received, as his forthcoming concert doubtless will—the liberal patronage of our city. Mr. Warren's concerts are always attractive; and what with the presence of his many little pupils, and an inviting programme, a good deal will be effected towards making a "happy New Year" for many hungry mouths, but warm hearts. HANDEL.

The Worcester Palladium speaks appreciatingly of the Airs by Bach, to which we have been calling attention of late:

Last, by no means least, No. 4 of the fine series of "airs for an alto voice," selected from various cantatas and masses of rare old Sebastian Bach, which are now in process of publication under the superintendence of Robert Franz, the song writer of Germany. Franz, than whom none should do it better, with a view to exciting in wider circles, "that interest in the works of Bach to which they have the fullest claim," has arranged many of the songs of the composer with reference to modern musical taste, making such modifications as should adapt the voice part to the single accompaniment of the piano-forte, whereas, the composer wrote for the orchestra and the organ. The number that lies before us is the song, "Mortals, trust this Wondrous Mercy;" a deeply devotional air, in E minor. We trust this edition, which is to be followed by "similar sets for other classes of voices," will lead to that faithful study of Bach's works which never fails to repay the earnest student.



## Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 31, 1859.

MUSIC IN THIS NUMBER.—We commence this week the publication of WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT's Pastoral Cantata: "THE MAY QUEEN." It will occupy in all some eighty pages, and consists of Overture, choruses, solos, duets, trios, &c. The words are by HENRY F. CHORLEY. For completeness' sake, we begin with the overture, which will extend through two numbers, and which, even in a piano-forte arrangement, is interesting, the work of a musician of refined, poetic temperament and delicate artistic skill. In whole, or in part, the "May Queen" will furnish good material for practice in choral societies and clubs throughout the country. — We shall alternate its publication occasionally with that of pieces of another character.

## The Christmas Oratorio.

The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, true to their good old custom, gave us last Sunday (Christmas) evening a performance of Handel's "Messiah." And well was the opportunity appreciated, if a full Music Hall and close attention and numerous instances of irrepressible applause be any true signs.

The performance was one of more than average excellence. Some of the choruses, indeed, never went off with more spirit and precision, — especially the "Hallelujah," and that grand three-headed mountain of a chorus which rises so superbly at the end; three in one: "Worthy is the Lamb," "Blessing and honor," &c., and Amen! The high crystal harmonies of those semi-choruses, too; "Glory to God!" and "Lift up your heads, O ye gates!" rang out like angelic choirs in the cold starlit Christmas air. We feel it an especial matter for congratulation, too, seeing that some omissions in so long a work must needs be made, that the profoundly beautiful and touching choruses: "Surely he hath borne our griefs," and "And with his stripes," were not among the omitted numbers, as they too commonly have been. The latter one, especially, has more affinity with Bach, in spirit and in treatment, than one often finds in Handel; for deep, soulful beauty there is no chorus in the oratorio which we love better. And then these two pieces are the natural and necessary preparation by contrast for the reckless, careless sounding "All we like sheep have gone astray." The one fault in the choruses was the unfortunate and unusual disproportion of the vocal forces. There were in all perhaps two hundred and fifty singers, and the Contraltos did not number more than thirty; yet these were quite effective voices. The Sopranos were ostensibly more than seventy, although their collective volume of tone was sometimes too thin to suggest the idea of half that number. The Basses were superb, and the Tenors far more satisfactory than was wont to be the case for many years.

Mrs. HARWOOD's voice grows more and more rich and beautiful in the middle and lower tones. She sang with good artistic style, and much ease and brilliancy of execution the airs: "O thou that tellest;" "He shall feed his flock" and "Come unto him;" "But thou didst not leave;" and "How beautiful," with the appertaining recitatives. It would have been better had she also sung *He was despised*, lying as that melody does in the rich region of her voice; it proved too low for the bright best tones of Mrs. LONG's soprano.

This lady in other parts did excellent service: In *I know that my Redeemer liveth* it seemed to us she never sang so well; the sustained high notes were very beautiful; the style and feeling of the whole artistic, — if we can only forget Jenny Lind! The tenor and the bass solos had for the most part satisfactory treatment at the hands of Mr. C. R. ADAMS and of Mr. AIKEN; but such a song as *Thou shalt break them*, demands a tougher "rod of iron" than this delicate *tenore*.

The orchestra was excellent and Mr. ZERRAHN had his forces under his usual good control. The Organ voluntaries, during the assembling of the singers, by Mr. B. J. LANG, were well chosen and effective. But is it not rather a questionable custom, this of preluding to an overture with a whole long oratorio at its heels? Is it not a cloying superfluity?

What the Society will do next, has not transpired. Would it not be a good idea, and practicable say by next year or the year after, to study up, by way of novelty, the Christmas Oratorio by BACH? It seems but fair that Handel's great contemporary, equal co-sovereign with him in the highest realm of sacred music, should begin at last to be a little better known among us. It would be extremely interesting, after sufficient study, to compare a Christmas Oratorio by Bach with that so well-known by Handel. The two names Bach and Handel couple themselves together far more significantly than the not very essentially related names, "Handel and Haydn." Doubtless the name of our old Oratorio society dates back to a time in our local musical history, when the "Messiah" and the "Creation" filled our whole limited horizon.

## Musical Chit-Chat.

OPERA becomes the word again. The Ullman-Strakosch company will open the "Regular Winter Season" on Monday evening, at the Boston Theatre, when will be given, for the first time here, Verdi's new opera, written for the Grand Opera in Paris (for, having conquered the Italian world, he must now do as Rossini and as Donizetti did before him, bring out his chef-d'œuvre, his "Tell," his "Favorita"), "The Sicilian Vespers." Those who wish to prepare themselves by a good clear critical analysis of plot and music, will do well to turn back to our numbers of Sept. 10th and 17th, and read what we have translated from the French of Scudo. Signor MUZIO will conduct, and the principal rôles are to be sustained by Mme. COLSON, Signors BRIGNOLI, JUNCA, and the new baritone, admired in New York and Philadelphia, FERRI. On Tuesday evening the wonderful little vocal phenomenon, ADELINA PATTI, who has shot up with sudden meteoric brilliancy, but not like a meteor gone out, will give us a first taste of her singing in *Lucia*. There will be operas every night but Thursday, and a "Grand Matinée" on Saturday. One stupendous feature of the announcement for Monday night is the "Inauguration of the New Chandelier!" The managers announce an unusually rich repertoire of pieces, some of which are new to us here, and others as good as new. If we get all that is promised, worthily performed, it will be a notable season; for the promise includes "Der Freyschütz," Mozart's "Magic Flute," Rossini's superb "Tell," Pacini's "Saffo," besides all the old favorites, with the exception, we are sorry to see, of the *Nozze di Figaro*. But it will be something worth the while to hear the *Zauberflöte*, in spite of all the newspaper small talk in New York and Philadelphia about its being *rococo*, a dull respectability of a past age and of an obsolete

man of genius. Give us *genius*, even in old forms and absurd plots, rather the mere try-hard intensities of third-rate talent which happens to be popular for a while. It is very cheap and easy work to sneer at Mozart; but when Verdi and Co. will produce any thing as fresh as every strain of Mozart's is to-day, it will be time enough to sneer. The charm of freshness will beat all the stimulating spices in the long run. Besides, these critics reason in a circle; they want to show that we, in our enlightened day and land, judge for ourselves, and are not governed by names; we do not like Mozart's opera, because we only like good things and don't swear by names; and why is it not a good thing? because we don't like it. Popularity is not the surest test. We have no doubt that the plot of the *Zauberflöte* seems bewildering and absurd enough; but is not a mere picturesque fantastic medley, even if not clear or quite consistent, full as interesting as some of the thread-bare dramatic commonplaces of the modern opera? Besides, if any one will take the pains to read the story of the "Magic Flute," as written out in story-telling fashion by our friend the "Diarrist," about a year since, he will perhaps find there is something in it.

There was no Afternoon Concert this week, owing to both Music Hall and Tremont Temple being pre-occupied against music. Fairs seem to be becoming the rule, and Music the exception in halls built for music. The concerts will be resumed, however, in the Tremont Temple, next Wednesday afternoon. . . Mr. ZERRAHN now intends to give his second Philharmonic Concert on the 14th of next month. In honor to the memory of Spohr, so recently deceased, he proposes to bring out, (for the first time,) that master's Symphony for double orchestra; *Das Idylle und das Göttliche* ("The Earthly and the Divine,") leaving Beethoven's Seventh Symphony for a succeeding concert. He will also repeat the "Preludes" by Liszt, and give us some good overture by Beethoven. . . Next Tuesday is the regular evening of the MENDELSSOHN QUINETTE CLUB.

The members of the HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION will please bear in mind, that their annual meeting will take place at the Revere House, on Monday evening, Jan. 16. See advertisement.

We are pained to learn from A. W. T., that a couple of musical students—not that very promising young man J. R. Paine, we are glad to say—have run away from Berlin, leaving their tailors, shoemakers, and others unpaid. For the present we suppress their names, and hope if they are again in America, that they will at once take measures to relieve the American name from the disgrace thus cast upon it.

Here is one of the "fearless" newspaper criticisms referred to above:

The "Magic Flute" is soporiferous in its tendencies. It may be classical, and all that, but it is dull. It could not well be otherwise with such a plot. Such a rigmarole of absurdity is without a parallel. The music, to interpret such puerile, silly thought, ought not to be grand or beautiful. The opera does, indeed, abound in melodies, and admits of occasional vocal displays, which cannot but astonish an audience, but it can never be popular, and does not deserve to be.

"We are, we trust," says a London cotemporary, "violating no confidence in stating that the return of Madame LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT to her profession, has, for some time, been an event most hopefully looked forward to in English musical circles. With the charitable and generous feelings which have so consistently characterized her career, it has been understood that Madame Goldschmidt would be happy to inaugurate her return to the musical world by co-operating with the promoters of the embryo Handel College, and of contributing the aid of her unrivalled ability to the centenary festival of the immortal composer."



## Music Abroad.

### Paris.

In the way of opera, the real new thing is the revival, with some impertinent pruning and other modifications, of an old thing, the *Orphée* of Gluck, at the Theatre Lyrique. The Parisians show their independent, honest sense of the musical art by crowding to hear it. The *Pardon de Ploermel*, already old at the Opera Comique, is not nearly equal in merit to Meyerbeer's last preceding work produced there. His everlasting *Africaine* cannot be brought out this year, either, at the Grand Opera, where there is no great new piece to take its place, and no great artists to perform. Wooden-armed Roger will reappear presently, and in any of his old rôles will have an immense success for some time—lovers of music will be so curious to see him sing with a wooden arm.

The *Italiens*, too, is less brilliant than last year in stock and stars. The outside public, a few weeks ago, were anticipating something uncommon from the announcement of a new opera by Rossini. That maestro, and two or three singing men and women, being considered by a certain public as the last best gift of God to men since the invention of the mariner's compass, and printing, to take the most recent dates. *Il Curioso Accidente*, the "new opera," by Rossini, is a collection of scraps, a pasticcio, an *olla podrida*, made up, with his permission, from tragic, comic, and buffo operas that he composed in his youth, that have never been performed out of Italy; to these were added some other bits picked up in the portfolios of Italian opera managers. These were all tacked, patched, and botched together and a libretto was made for them. All this was done by one Berrettoni, an impresario, an old and rather seedy acquaintance of Rossini, with the permission of the latter. So long ago as last year, Calzado, the manager of the *Italiens* here, had been offered the piece, had jumped at it, baited by Rossini's name, had then found that he was bit, had tried to get rid of his engagement to perform it, had a law-suit about it (as impresarii are always having law-suits—Melpomene and Themis are always playing into one another's hands), and had been condemned to have it performed. Finally, to cut a long story short, it was performed and summarily damned the other night, Rossini, Calzado, the performers, and in fine, everybody but Signor Berrettoni and the audience being indifferent or content.—*Corr. of N. Y. Tribune.*

### London.

(From the Musical World, Dec. 3.)

**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.**—The third concert attracted the largest audience of the present season, and in some respects was the most interesting which has yet been given. The programme, for reasons not less honorable than obvious, was devoted in its most important branches, to the music of Dr. Spohr.

Quartet in G major, No. 32, Op. 146.....Spohr  
Duet, "Absence".....Henry Smart  
Aria, "Dalla sua pace".....Mozart  
Song, "Suleika".....Mendelssohn  
Sonata in A flat, piano-forte solo.....Spohr  
Introduction and Rondo, for piano-forte and violin, in E major.....Spohr  
Aria, "Che farò".....Stradella  
Songs, "The Savoyard" and "The Stolen Kiss".....Beethoven  
Duet, "Two Merry Gipsies".....Macfarren  
Double quartet in E minor, No. 3 (Op. 87).....Spohr  
Conductor—Mr. Benedict.

Let us begin with the singers. The duets (both perfect in their way) were extremely well sung by Miss Fanny Rowland and Madlle. Behrens. The last-named lady developed good *contralto* tones in Gluck's "Che farò," and Miss Fanny Rowland gave Mendelssohn's "Zuleika" (No. 2, the fine outburst in E major) with a degree of passionate expression which showed at one and the same time her power to appreciate the sentiment of the music, and her capability of executing it in such a manner as to convey to the audience and enlist their sympathies for all that poet-Goethe and composer-Mendelssohn intended. This is great praise, but at the same time, thoroughly well merited. Mr. Sims Reeves surpassed himself, and in "Dalla sua pace" was, as it were, Mario and Reeves fused into one. Such faultless singing could not but elicit enthusiasm, and no wonder there was a unanimous encore. Instead of repeating Mozart's air, however, Mr. Reeves gave "Adelaide."

The magnificent double quartet in E minor, which had so brilliant a success last season, was equally a triumph now. M. Wieniawski, who led the first quartet (choir?) surpassed all his previous efforts. He, Pole though he be, had thoroughly imbued himself with the spirit of the Brunswick *altmeister*, and played as Spohr would have liked to hear his music

played. Then at the head of the second quartet (choir?) was M. Sainton, who knows his Spohr as a true believer knows his Bible, and who reads him as though he had shared the post of *Kapellmeister* with the illustrious musician during the seven-and-thirty years he groaned in servitude (consoling himself by giving *chef-d'œuvres* to the world) under the electoral despotism of Hesse-Cassel.

The pianist was Mr. Lindsay Sloper, whose performance of the very trying and difficult solo sonata was masterly from end to end, as finished and satisfactory to the nice ear as it was *émouvant* to those who look for the mere poetry of music. Not less charming was the *Introduction and Rondo* for piano-forte and violin (the violin part being as arduous and exacting as a concerto), played with consummate excellence by Mr. Sloper and M. Sainton.

**AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.**—The first concert took place on Monday evening, in the Hanover Square rooms, when the following was the programme:

PART I.  
Symphony in A minor.....Mendelssohn  
Song (MS.), "Nay, smile not thus," Miss Dolby.....Lord Gerald Fitzgerald  
Glee, "Ye spotted snakes".....Stevens  
Concert-stück, piano-forte, Miss Freeth.....Weber

PART II.  
"Night" and "Military music," (Judith).....Henry Leslie  
Song, "Broken vows," Miss Dolby.....Francesco Berger  
Fantasia, (Bohemian Girl), Miss Freeth.....Madame Oury  
Glee, "The Fisherman's good night".....Bishop  
Overture, (La Rein d'un Jour).....Adam  
Conductor—Mr. Henry Leslie.

The symphony in A minor inaugurated the fourteenth season of the Amateurs, with a larger show of ambition than of practical success.

**PROMENADE CONCERTS.**—At the moment when a large section of the musical community, rendered expectant for nearly twenty years by M. Jullien's provisional enterprise, was about to resign all hopes of their customary annual entertainments, specifics against November fogs and preparatives for the Christmas holidays, Mr. F. Strange, manager of the refreshment department at the Crystal Palace, steps into the breach and offers a series of concerts instead. Having made arrangements with Mr. E. T. Smith, for Drury Lane Theatre, Mr. Strange secured the services of Mr. Manns, conductor of the Crystal Palace band, who has enrolled a tolerably powerful orchestra, taking as its nucleus the chief members of the Crystal Palace, unaccountably, however, omitting Mr. Horatio Chipp, principal violoncellist, a grave loss, and procuring additions to the wind and stringed instruments, from the best available sources at hand. Messrs. Wedemeyer and Willy lead the first violins, and the principal soloists comprise M. Duhem (cornet), Mr. A. Wells (flute), Mr. Crozier (oboe), M. Papé (clarinet), Mr. Hutchings (bassoon), and M. Daubert (violinello). The band is neither so numerous nor of such excellence as M. Jullien's celebrated battalion; but it is a good working body, nevertheless, and efficient at all points. The season has been restricted to fourteen nights.

The first concert was given on Saturday. The night was damp and cold. The attendance was good, nevertheless, especially in the promenade, which was crowded almost from the commencement. M. Jullien devoted a number of his concerts to classical performances. Mr. Augustus Manns devotes all. The classical concerts of course mean the dedication of the first part to the works of one of the masters. Mr. Manns chose Mendelssohn to begin with. The selection comprised the Italian symphony, the violin concerto, *Scherzo* from the *Ottetto* for stringed instruments (Op. 20), arranged by the composer for orchestra, "Wedding March," from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and "May Song." The symphony was satisfactorily executed in the first three movements, the violins, however, indicating a want of power. The *Saltarello* movement, taken at the true Mendelssohn speed, was not so correct. The *Scherzo* was altogether better, and the "Wedding March" was admirable. M. Wieniawski was too much of an artist to pay attention to the announcement "that he would play the first movement of the violin concerto." He executed the whole magnificently, eliciting a perfect storm of applause at the end. Mad. Lemmens Sherrington was encased in the "May Song," and substituted, "My heart is sair for somebody."

The "Mendelssohn Night" was repeated on Monday.

On Tuesday, a "Beethoven Night" was announced but could not be given. Reason, Band had not rehearsed the "Pastoral Symphony," and Violin Concerto.

Wednesday, the "Weber Night" was repeated with some alterations.

Thursday's performance was made up of selections from the works of Haydn and M. Hector Berlioz.

## Special Notices.

### DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

**MUSIC BY MAIL.**—Quantities of Music are now sent by mail, the expense being only about one cent apiece, while the care and rapidity of transportation are remarkable. Those at a great distance will find the mode of conveyance not only a convenience, but a saving of expense in obtaining supplies. Books can also be sent by mail, at the rate of one cent per ounce. This applies to any distance under three thousand miles; beyond that, double the above rates.

#### Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Two merry gipsies are we. Duet. Macfarren. 30

A lively duet for soprano and mezzo-soprano. The title bears a strong resemblance to a couple of very popular duets of Stephen Glover's, and so does the music remind you occasionally of Glover. It is withal a very pleasant, charming composition, full of life and spirit, and distinguished for graceful, striking melodies.

Oh! I'm the Elfin Vesper bell. Song.

Mrs. L. A. Denton 25

A fairy song, light and tripping, for mezzo-soprano.

Katie of Babble Brook. Song and Chorus.

J. McNaughton. 25

One of the best songs of this gifted poet-composer. It will please wherever it is sung.

#### Instrumental Music.

Nocturne, op. 16, in A flat. Ad. Gutmann. 25

This nocturne is not less pretty than the one which is already so widely known and appreciated.

Bonnie Doon. E. F. Rimbault. 15

Campbells are coming. " 15

Arranged for very young pupils, to be used even in the first quarter.

Ange si pur. From "La Favorita." Transcribed

by W. V. Wallace. 30

An excellent arrangement of the celebrated air "Spirto gentil," of medium difficulty.

La Marseillaise. Serenade militaire. A. W. Berg. 35

There is hardly any author at the present day with whose compositions teachers are so generally pleased as with those of Berg. His style is graceful and brilliant, his taste unexceptionable. The pupils are universally delighted with his pieces, and this "Serenade militaire" will be no exception to the rule.

The Sledging Frolic. Polka. J. E. Muller. 25

The Snowman. Rondino. " 25

The Skaters. Polka Mazurka. " 25

Santa Claus. Waltz. " 25

Easy and pretty little pieces, composed for scholars. They are the first numbers of a series of instructive pieces called "Winter's delights."

Silver Wedding Waltz. J. W. Wilson. 25

Poplar Hill Commencement Waltz. P. Schmidt. 25

Popular Dance music.

#### Books.

**NEW METHOD FOR THE MELODEON**, and other Instruments of the Organ Class, selected mainly from "Zundel's Melodeon Instructor," to which is added a collection of the most popular Songs of the Day, and a variety of Psalm and Hymn Tunes. 1,00

Nothing need be said in addition to what may be found in the first page of this paper to commend to teachers and pupils of the Melodeon this work as one of real value, or to dealers as one that is destined to become, immediately, the most popular and useful Melodeon Instructor to be found, and consequently one that will meet with a very large sale. The elementary portion of the instructions is, for the most part, taken from "Zundel's Instructor" and presents the most thorough, complete, plain and concise course of study which can be laid before a pupil.

